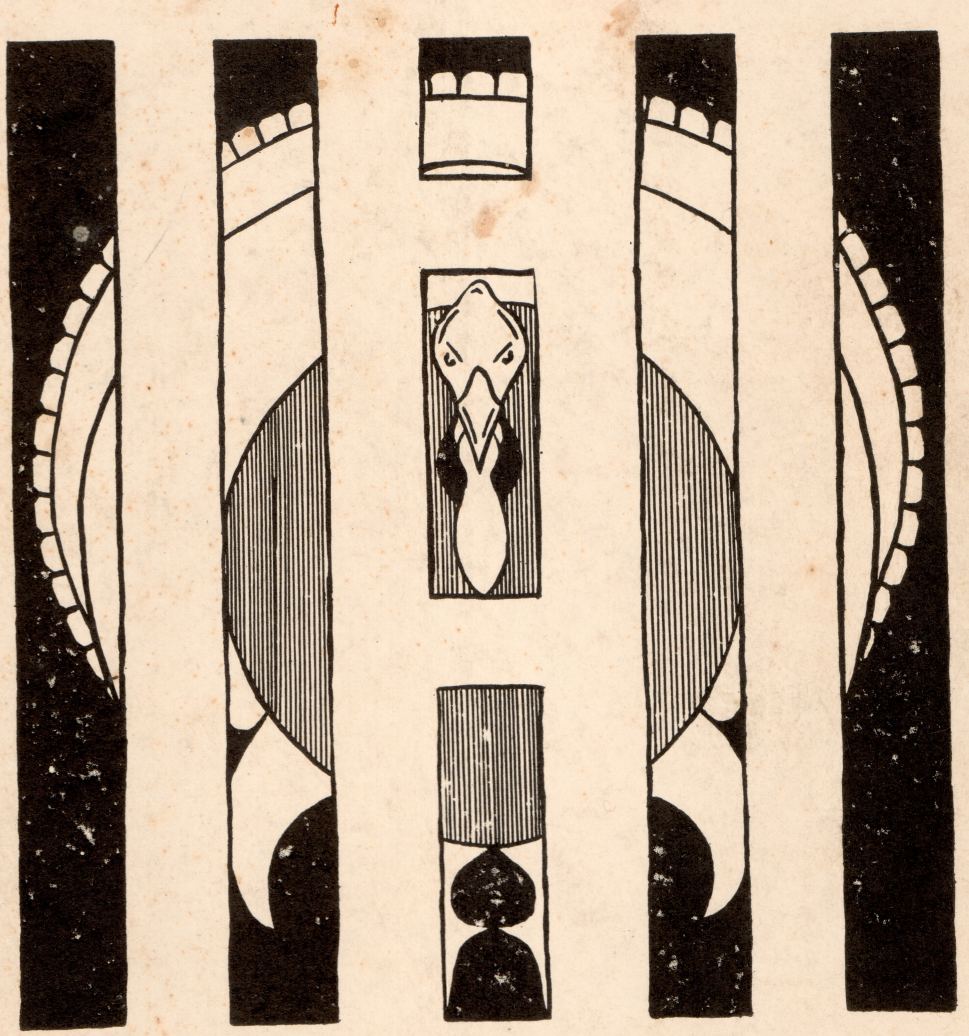
# YPSI-SEM



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# The Ypsi=Sem

VOL. 7 YPSILANTI, MICH., NOV., 1916 No. 3

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# A Box of Chocolates

Claribel Bowen, '20.

The conversation at the Crandal breakfast table concerning the approaching "Pennsy" game to take place just before Thanksgiving, was interrupted when a maid brought in the mail.

"Well," exclaimed Mrs. Crandal when she had finished reading a letter, "Father writes that he and mother can't come here for Thanksgiving after all. Mother is not well and he doesn't think it would be wise for her to take the trip. He says that he would like to have us come up there instead."

"Oh, we can't go," said Marian. "Jack and his chum are coming home from the University for Thanksgiving."

"Yes," answered Father, "and besides there is a meeting of the Corporation stockholders that afternoon which I cannot afford to miss."

"Why couldn't Marian go?" suggested Mother. "They haven't seen her for nearly two years now and I am sure they would love to have her with them."

"Oh, Mother," cried Marian, I was going to the game with Jack and you said that we could have some of the old bunch up to meet his chum. I just can't go. It would spoil my whole Thanksgiving."

"We used to be able to have Thanksgiving without a game and a party," said Mother gently, but with meaning, "and besides wouldn't there be any satisfaction in making Grandmother happy for just a few days?"

It was finally decided that Marian should go. Two days before Thanksgiving her father put her on the north bound Michigan Central train at Detroit, and just as he left her he dropped a two pound box of candy into her lap. She turned to this for consolation while the train carried her swiftly away from her home and the much coveted game.

After riding a few hours she reached her destination and found Grandfather waiting to meet her. He was very glad to see her and said that since they had received the letter announcing her coming, Grandmother had picked up wonderfully.

"You know," he said in confidence, "she has been worrying about Uncle Harry, who was to come home from Belgium for Thanksgiving, but she hasn't heard from him for two weeks now."

After a short walk they reached the modest house in which Marian was to spend her holidays. Grandmother was waiting with a warm greeting and Marian reproved herself for having been unwilling to come when it made the lonely Grandmother so happy. She thought about the matter a great deal and probably her listless and unattentive manner made her Grandmother remark:

"Poor child, you must be tired. I will take you to your room and you may go right to bed. Come dear."

Marian must have gone to sleep as soon as she got to bed for in what seemed to her a surprisingly short time she heard the newsboys on the streets below calling "Extras! Extras!"

Jumping up and dressing hastily, she went into the hall where she met her Grandmother whose pale face and nervous manner expressed great excitement.

"Oh, what is the matter?" exclaimed Marian at a sight of her troubled face. "What has happened?"

"Marian what will we do? Oh, your poor mother down there in that awful city. Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

Marian glanced at the headlines on the newspaper which her Grandmother had hastily thrust into her hands and read:

"Foreign war vessels in Lake Erie. U-boats sink two freighters. Crews of both vessels believed to be lost. Excitement at fever heat. President has issued call for volunteers as war is now a certainty."

During the day, Grandfather brought in the news as soon as it was procured. Zeppelins by dropping bombs, had succeeded in blowing up the Park, Davis company's plant as a suspicious place for munitions manufacturing. Again the enemy had captured the main line of the New York Central at Buffalo so no more food could be sent to the east where men were wrestling to keep their loved country under the stars and stripes. Later they heard that Mexico had also declared war so there would be no help from the troops already at the border.

Thanksgiving day passed without mention. All was weeping, excitement and turmoil.

Anxious days followed, each one bringing more news of terrible happenings. Marian received word from home to remain whree she was as she was safest there. She also heard that her father and Jack had enlisted and that her mother had joined a hospital corps.

When word was received that the ship on which Uncle Harry had sailed had been sunk, Grandmother took to her bed. With a white, scared face Marian went about her household duties. She was afraid that Grandmother's mind would give way entirely under the strain.

Troop after troop of men were marched away to the front never to return. Every day that passed was worse than the one before and Marian thought she couldn't stand it any longer.

Grandmother was calling to her. Her voice sounded very far away at first and came gradually nearer. Where was she? Gradually Marian realized that her Grandmother was leaning over her pillow with a happy good morning smile.

"Here is a letter for you dear," she said. "It is from your mother."

Marian sat up in bed, rubbed her eyes and looked around. Then she took the letter and began to read.

"Oh, goody, goody," she cried, "Uncle Harry has come. "They are all going to drive through and have dinner with us tomorrow. Jack and his chum are coming too."

She jumped out of bed and hurried into her clothes and was soon down stairs helping Grandmother with the baking.

"We'll have a quiet, peaceful old fashioned Thanksgiving, won't we Grandmother? I think that we don't half appreciate a nice homey time."

"You are such a help dear," said Grandmother, "I don't see how your Mother can get along without you for one day. You must have been very tired last night, you didn't act one bit like yourself."

"Perhaps I was suffering from the two-pound box of chocolates I ate on the train coming up.

# Why the Indian Became a Romantic Figure in Revolutionary Poetry and History

Paul Smith, '17.

For thousands of years before the advent of the white man, the aboriginal inhabitants of America, the Indians, had lived, fought, and died uninterrupted over the whole of North America, the civilized Indian of the southwest figuring very little in the life of the Red Men as a whole. The Indians lived a simple life. The savages of Africa and Australia practiced cannibalism and nearly all had some violently intoxicating concoction for producing courage. But the Indian, before he was corrupted by the white men, lived the cleanest life possible. He needed no fire water to raise his courage, his only stimulant to prepare him for an encounter with hostile tribes was an athletic war dance. It is not strange that such an existence must have produced a physically perfect race. It is true the women of the tribe became bent with toil and age, but the brave who carried no heavier load than his ornaments and weapons, developed into a straight-limbed, athletic perfect man. The exercises of the chase and war, the contortions of his ceremonial dances, and his open-air life, all tended to bring him as near physical perfection as it is possible for man to come. And since the world began,

physical beauty and physical powers have been admired above any mental accomplishments. The great mind is respected but the perfect body is the most admirable of human possessions.

When the white men first came, they were received peaceably, but as soon as the red man experienced the sting of the white man's duplicity, he became a foe not to be despised and the stories taken back to the old world of the gigantic size and great strength of the savages were exaggerations, but they originated in truth.

The Indian was subdued only by the superior arms of the whites, and was soon corrupted with white man's vices but it is hard to break down in a century the physical stamina of a race perfected in a hundred or a thousand centuries.

So the Indian as a race, when not in too close contact with civilization, remained much the same as before.

As soon as the whites obtained a foothold and the acute needs were more permanently provided for and the feeling between the red and the white man became a little less strained, the two were often allied in war. A few English guns would turn the tide of a battle and the Indian was a natural born spy and scout.

Later the Indians, by barter and capture also secured guns and when thus placed on an equal footing they were often superior to their white foes in battle until the white man began to adopt Indian fighting tactics. The Indian stalk in the hunt and a dress of skins very similar to the Indian dress was worn by the primitive backwoodsman.

During the French and Indian war both sides made large use of the Indians, for scouts and in battle, but the Indians' savagery was hard to bring under military discipline and the red man massacred right and left whenever he was engaged in battle.

He had no respect for a fallen foe and even scalped fallen members of his own side for the sake of covering himself with glory in the eyes of his tribe. Braddock's defeat was an example of savage Indian versus civilized white man and clearly showed the superiority of the Indian mode of fighting.

As the white men advanced farther west they found still greater tribes than the eastern Indian who had greatly degenerated under white influence. The Indians of the Great Lakes were probably in the highest state of physical perfection of any tribe, and it is these that figure most prominently in the literature of Revolutionary times.

James Fenimore Cooper's works have been a greater factor in putting the Indian into literature as a romantic figure than any other one thing. When read now, his works seem rather stilted and hackneyed in style but this impression is produced by the multitude of trashy novels using his peculiar style and purporting to be stories of frontier life, while his works were true to the actual conditions then existing and clothed them in a romantic and thrilling style worthy of so great a writer.

"Cooper's Indians," and "dead Indians," it has been said, "are the only good Indians." According to this an Indian was bad if he raised his hand to defend his ancestral heritage, the land and water that had been his for ages, and which the usurping white man was now taking from him. It is true that Cooper's Indians are ideal but the aboriginal Indian also was nearly ideal as he was. But the advance of civilization has cleared his wilderness and dried his streams and lakes until, driven westward by the resistless march of civilization, his scattered bands are now contained in a few reservations; but the memory of what his splendid race was, has made him one of the most romantic figures in American literature.

# The Thanking of Nance

Ellen Hopkins, '18.

"Now just look here Sarah Jane, and Peter and John Edward and Lucindy and Tommy and Myrtie, set up there and behave yerselves. Stop that fightin.' I won't have no monkey business. This is a real Thanksgivin' dinner and I want you to understand you've gotta act like ladies and gents. This is a extra special day and you ain't gointa gobble this swell grub like pigs."

'Twas an odd litle speciman of humanity that spoke. She seemed very young and yet very old. Her body—a thin, little one—was painfully twisted, so that her hips were very uneven, and her face was rather sharp and

wizened—not full and round as the face of a girl of fourteen should be. But in spite of the lines of care and trouble, there was a light of motherliness and love in her face even when she scolded, as she looked at the line of unkempt, unmannerly little brothers and sisters. One marveled that her shoulders did not droop lower, that her face did not express discontent and discouragement. For Nance was rather youthful to have the care of a family of six smaller children lowered onto her thin little shoulders.

Ma was gone, and Pa—well, when Pa wasn't at home, which was most of the time, he could be found almost anywhere on the face of the earth, but nowhere in particular. He really wasn't much use, for one needed the kind of a Pa one could depend on, not one possessed of the wanderlust, laziness, and no particular use for children.

Thanksgiving day had meant a great deal to Nance ever since Miss Richards, the lady that had called one day—yes indeed! called just as if Nance were a truly lady—and told her what Thanksgiving meant. And from that very day Nance had planned for some sort of a celebration.

And now—today—it was here. Yesterday Nance had found a basket on the porch and it had said on it, "To little Nance and the children from the Y. W. C. A." Now Nance hadn't the faintest idea what the Y. W. C. A. spelled, but she did know that chicken, vegetables, pumpkin pie and the other things the basket contained, spelled a good dinner. So today with a great deal of pleasure, she had spread the remarkable feast before the six hungry beings that made her flock and they, with eyes like saucers and stomachs like empty pits, had immediately began to quarrel and snarl over the food.

"Now," continued Nance, "I'm goin' to tell you about Thanksgivin' an' how it started. You know thousands of years ago some people came t the city of New York an' there was Indians there an' the people had good luck an' they had freedom an' they wanted to have a celebration. So they set a day that's Thanksgivin' and they thanked God then for the things what they had. An' you gotta find things that are nice and thank God for 'em all today. An' this dinner that come by itself is one thing to be thankful for, an' havin' Pa gone so he can't eat it all is another, an' havin' John Edward lick that bad Mikey Maloney is another, an'" here Nance stopped short and jumped up from the table.

"Oh, I forgot—don't you kids eat another speck 'till I get some for poor little sick Jimps Rogers."

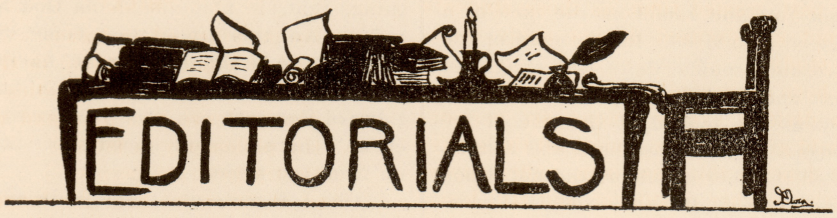
Getting a dish, Nance took generous proportions of everything, and, throwing a shawl around her shoulders, left the house. Looking neither to the right nor the left, she started across the street.

But Jimps was never to taste Nance's "Thanksgivin' dinner," for she thoughtlessly darted right in front of a passing automobile and knew no more for several hours.

When she awoke she was in a strange little bed in a strange room—a room big and airy and white and clean. Bending over her was Miss Richards, singing softly and stroking her forehead. Nance started up and inquired instantly for the children, begging that she might see them. Miss Richards explained that Nance would have to rest a few days here in the quiet room, and that good care would be taken of the children. But Nance pleaded so hard to see them that finally, with the nurse's consent, Miss Richards sent her car after them.

In a short time six scared, dirty little youngsters filed into the hospital room and up to Nance's white bed. They stood silent and awed before the spectacle of Nance—Nance, the unconquerable, the never-tiring, in bed, pale and ill.

But Nance saw their faces and interpreting the expressions said, cheerfully: "Don't you worry, Sarah Jane, an' Peter an' John Edward, an' Lucindy, an' Tommy, an' Myrtie. I'll be back home in a few days and you'll be all right cuz Miss Richards said so. An' it's still Thanksgivin' Day an' I've got two more thankin's. I'm here in this nice place to rest a few days—I was kinda tired—and they're goin' ta take the twist out of me. So you all kiss me an' then go home an' think up some thankin's for yourselves."




## "DO YOUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING EARLY"

The "Do-your-Christmas-shopping-early" season has opened. Every year about this time the newspapers, magazines, and advertisements begin to remind the public of the approaching holiday and to urge, beg, entreat, and threaten, to induce them to buy their gifts in time to avert the Christmas rush.

And every year it is the same old story. You read your paper every day, nod severely at the "Do-your-shopping-early" and "So-many-days-'till Christmas" columns and remark inwardly that you can't understand what possesses the public to be so heartless as to deprive the hard working shop girls of their Christmas cheer and convert Christmas into a nightmare; of course you are going to do your buying in time to avoid the rush, that is, as soon as you decide what is exactly suitable.

The days slip by, and the "So-many-days-'till-Christmas" dwindles to a number of one figure; you never dreamed it was so near Christmas, but its dreadfully hard to decide whether Uncle Ephriam would rather have a pair of bedroom slippers or a set of ear muffs, or whether cousin Gwendolyn would prefer a pickle spear to a Japanese print. You firmly resolve to do your shopping tomorrow, but even if you don't, you reflect, everybody else has surely heeded the appeal to shop early and you can not make a Christmas rush alone.

Then on Christmas eve you awake with a start, grab your hat and rush into the fray. Simultaneously about sixty-nine million other people are doing the same thing, the other thirty odd million of the population of the United States are too young to shop or perhaps a dozen of them did shop early. At any rate you plunge down town and elbow and trample others, get elbowed and trampled in turn, and after parting from about $37.62 emerge with your arms full of what you never intended to buy at all, but still it will do, and indeed you think that after all Uncle Ephriam can make more use of a box of cigars, and that Gwendolyn would rather have a cut glass bottle of Lily of the Valley. It never occurred to you that Uncle always smokes a pipe, and that Gwendolyn uses nothing but Attar of Roses.

When you finally get home with your unsatisfactory purchases, you blame the whole thing on the thoughtlessness of the public and on the shop girls. You never think that you are one of the public and that possibly the clerks were a little tired, not very, because they have only been on their feet ten or twelve hours.

But there is no use dwelling upon the woes of the shop girl, you have long ago shown your disregard for her, but if you will consider how much to your own advantage it would be to make your purchases a week or two in advance of Christmas, you might be persuaded to shop early.

But whether you shop at all or not don't lose sight of the true significance of Christmas, do not think of it as a day of promises giving and receiving featured by a prodigious dinner with its uncomfortable sequel, but as a day set aside in remembrance of the greatest blessing of humankind, as the birthdate of Christ, the Saviour.

P. R. S.

## OUR NEW SYSTEM

The new system has been in operation long enough, now, that everyobdy in the high school has, or at least should have, found some definite opinion concerning it.

The question has been brought up in some of the classes recently and some of the students have been asked for their frank opinion of the new arrangement. No one has expressed a desire to return to the old system, for, although it involves two more hours of school, the extra time spent in study in the classrooms enables us to accomplish more than in the same time if spent at home.

Neither has anyone expressed complete approval of the system. There seems to be a general feeling that the seventh hour is, for

the most part, wasted time, as those students who do not get excused do not apply themselves to study.

It has been suggested that the present seven hours be divided evenly among six periods, which would give time for almost all the studying to be done in the classroom, under supervision of the teacher of subject, and still leave two ample periods for laboratory and library work and for such preparation as might not be finished in class. The fewer and longer periods would also save much time that is necessarily lost in passing to classes and resuming a subject from the previous day.

Although far from perfect, what we have seen of the longer day, seems to be a great step in advance of the old system of the short day and home preparation. P. R. S.

## SMALLPOX

In the last few weeks there have been several light cases of smallpox. To be sure, these have been mostly in the Normal, but there is a chance of its reaching high school.

On Tuesday, Nov. 22, it was ordered by the Board of Health that all Ward and Senior and Junior high school students should be vaccinated. This order, which was meant to stop the disease from reaching high school, was received with varied emotions by the students. Some saw the wisdom of it and, if they had not already done so, determined to be vaccinated. Others, but very few, dropped school rather than take precautions of this sort. These showed rather a cowardly nature. Still others said that they would rather have smallpox in this light form than to be vaccinated. These showed an extremely selfish nature. They thought only of themselves and rather than stand a little pain they refused. This is entirely the wrong attitude. If you do not think enough of your own health to take care of it, think of the others that a person having Smallpox might expose. He becomes a menace to society and is really a wrongdoer as much as a man who hits another man over the head. He endangers the lives of all those with whom he comes into contact.

After all the Board of Health know when a thing is necessary and they would not have issued this order if it were not.

Think it over, students, and if you have not been vaccinated do so at once.

O. C.

## "BILL"

He is rather off in Latin,
And he's not too strong in Greek,
And the higher mathematics
Always leave him limp and weak.
His philosophy is faulty,
Poetry he'll not peruse,
And at times we hear his language,
Is the kind he shouldn't use.
If he has a favorite study,
Not a prof. has found it out,
And just why he came to high school
Is a thing they talk about.
But admitting that his culture,
Would give most folks quite a jar,
There is one time when the students
All admit that he's a star.
That's when clad in guards and moleskin
He goes tearing thru the line,
Crashing, crushing, ducking, running,
There are few sights quite so fine.
Big and brawny, clever, fearless,
He will plow thru any foe,
That's why we ov'rlook the many
Things that William doesn't know.

## ENGLISH SCHOOLBOY HOWLERS

The London Daily News quotes the following examples of schoolboy blunders which were sent in to the University Correspondent for a prize competition:

The earth is an absolete spheroid.

Lord Raleigh was the first man to see the Invisible Armada.

Shakespeare founded "As You Like It" on a book previously written by Sir Oliver Lodge.

Tennyson wrote, "In Memorandum."

King Edward IV. had no claim by geological right to the English throne.

George Eliot left a wife and children to mourn his genii.

The Test act of 1673 was passed to keep Roman Catholics out of public houses.

Henry I. died of eating palfreys.

Louis XVI. was gelatined during the French revolution.

Gender shows whether a man is masculine, feminine, or neuter.

James I. died from argue.

An angle is a triangle with only two sides.

Geometry teaches us how to bisex angels.

Parallel lines are the same distance all the way, and do not meet unless you bend them.

A parallelogram is a figure made of four parallel straight lines.

### CASS VS. YPSI

**Score—14-6**

The Maroon and White won its fourth game of the season by defeating Cass high in a hard fought battle, October 28, on the Detroiters' field. In the first three minutes of play, after the removal of Capt. Cooney because of a bad shoulder, the Ypsi boys downed a punt on their ten yard line. In trying to return the punt the line failed to hold which resulted in a touchdown for Cass. They failed to kick goal and after much hard play in the center of the field the half was called with the game seemingly tucked away for the Detroit lads. But in the second half Ypsi hammered the heavy line making consecutive gains, now and then interrupted by long passes which netted two touchdowns and the game. Beranek, Kirk and Honsor starred in open field running while Rodrick and Capt. Cooney carried the heavy end of the tackling, blocking and line plunging.

Ypsi Lineup.

L. E. Gale, Lappeus; R. G. Stitt, Forsythe; L. T. Wolter; R. T. F. Allen, Lidke; L. G. Miller; R. E. Kirk; C. Hayward; Q. B. Hansor; F. B. Capt. Cooney; R. H. Beranek; L. H. Rodrick.

---

### ONTIAC VS. YPSI

**Score 22-0.**

The game was called at 2:30. Capt. Cooney won the toss and decided to receive. Cooney received the ball on the kickoff and ran it back fifteen yards from where a pass was made to Kirk. Here Pontiac held for downs and immediately took the ball over. Pontiac also scored by the old army game and added to their score with a drop kick from the 25 yard line. There Ypsi took a brace and held the visitors till the last quarter. After many forward passes Pontiac again scored. Ypsi's line put up a poor game, but the back field played well. The Ypsi team started making good gains on end runs, and by line plunges by Capt. Cooney but here the ball was lost by a back field man. The ball was in Ypsi's possession in Pontiac territory when the final whistle blew.

Ypsi's lineup:

L. E., Gale; R. G., Stitt, Lidke; L. T., Wolter; R. T. Forsythe, F. Allen; L. G., Miller; R. E. Kirk; C. Hayward; Q. B., Hansor; F. B., Capt. Cooney; R. H. Beranek; L. H., Rodrick.

---

### PORT HURON VS. YPSI

**Score 7-7.**

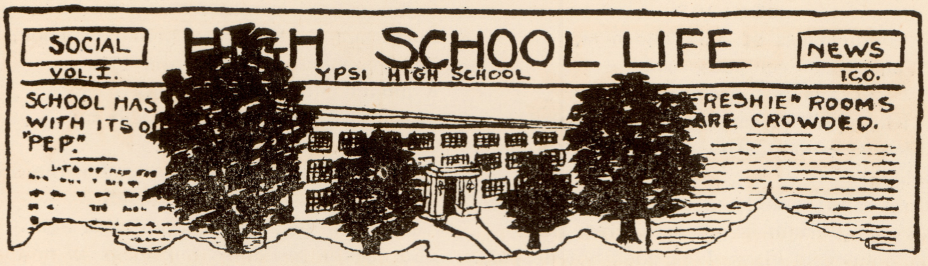
Within the first five minutes of play Ypsi gained her first and only touchdown. Contrary to the expectations of the Port Huron eleven Ypsi used straight line plunging instead of forward passing. This method gained the maroon and white many yards, and it was also by this method that Hanson made one touchdown. Ypsi easily outplayed their opponents during the first half and kept the ball continually in the enemies' territory. It looked like a sure victory for Ypsi, until the last quarter, when Port Huron ran the ball to within five yards of our goal and then plunged thru the line or a touchdown. The game soon ended with the score a tie.

Ypsi lineup:

L. E. Gale, Lappeus; R. G. Stitt, Lidke; L. T., Wolter; R. T. Forsythe; L. G., Miller; R. E., Kirk; C. Hayward; Q. B. Hansor; F. B. Capt. Cooney; L. H., Rodrick; R. H., Beranek.

## SENIORS

Here's to the class of '17. The best,
That Ypsi High ever possessed.
Owen Cleary, is our president true
And with "pep" he carries our meetings thru.
Our Vice President, Helen Montgomery, is a debater,
And they say it would take a lot to imitate her.
Then Percy Vernon is our treasurer, rare,
And in collecting class dues does not despair.
In Irene Owen an artist we see
And she a professional some day will be.
In girls' basketball we did excel
And our stars, Monk and Wyckoff did very well,
With Williamson, Merriman and two more,
Perry and Freeman, we piled up a big score.
In boys' basketball things went the same way,
For we won every game which we did play,
With "Frank," "Bill," Cooney and Robert Knight,
All of the games were quite a sight.
Maurice Rogers slow and steady,
Always has his lessons ready (?)
In our class you'll find one shark,
In German this is Alleen Clark.
Lois Strang and Esther Burrell are both so quiet,
As if any moment they feared a riot.
Then there's "Gert" Meanwell, a happy lass,
Who always brings her smile to class.
One class member full of wit and myth,
This we all know to be Paul Smith.
Fred Allen, tall and fair,
Never fails to comb his hair.
Mable Jackson, so quiet and so sober,
Had better turn more lively before the year is over.
Irene Lutz, bright and happy,
Recites her lessons quick and snappy.
Russell Gault lives on a farm,
In which he says there is no harm.
Isabelle Hutton has such delightful ways,
She'll be engaged some one of these days.
Ella Schafarik and Jaunita Staib,
In their school work our much alive.
Claud Beadle may be short
But we all know him to be some sport.
Emil Lidke's great desire,
Is to sing in the High School choir.
And we all know if he did,
It would quite drown out Clara Schmid.
Helen Dusbiber when she is late,
Rides to school in a Cadillac "8,"
And when "Beno" Bombenek has this fate,
We all know its caused from a date.
Claude Russell, known as "Buck,"
In his school mischief has good luck,
For when he throws a pencil or book,
The teachers never at him look.
A model pupil in every way
Is Isabelle Lyman, anyone will say.
Clayton Alban, full of fun,
Is the best hearted fellow under the sun.
In every class he is very bright,
And in the Senate puts up a good fight.
Tho Lester Miller to our class is new
We heartily welcome him back with the other few
Who found it necessary to leave us for awhile,
But came back again with a joyful smile.
Robert Hodges' one great aim,
Is to become an engineer of fame.
Over the whole town "Sherm" Robbins toured,
In a "Gaudy" Ford; so get your life insured.
Ruth Grimston never does her studying shirk,
That is why in class she does good work.
A very hard worker is Lila Driscoll,
For into her work she puts heart and soul.
If like Alice Colby, we were all so still,
Surely the room we would with silence fill.
Another class member, tho she is small (?)
Is very smart, this is Dorothy Arbaugh.
Ninetta Davis for the class does toil,
Which proves her very loyal.
Gertrude Maulbetsch, a teacher will make,
For she never makes a mistake.
A new "Dodge" has Clyde Breining,
So he's out—raining or shining,
You will see him spinning along,
Always happy and singing a song.
There is something the matter with Fred Seaver,
And I think it must be the girl fever.
Howard Seeley and Allen Carr,
In their classes always star.
Wellman Parsons has lots of spunk,
And that is why he will never flunk.
Ruth Boardman for our class will boast,
And in the Seniors she'll find a welcome host.
Another new member which will help our class to fill,
Is Donald Wilson from the metropolis of Belleville.
Elizabeth Woolsey and Mabel Haydon to our class are new,
And they will help the class its duty well to do.
Our teacher, Miss Hardy, knows the rule,
For many long years has she been in this school
And all the honors we will have made
When this year ends, will have been by her aid.
Our poet, Paul Hayward, sure has some mind,
To make up for us, this great big rhyme.




### GENERAL NEWS

Chapel, Wednesday morning, Nov. 1st, was opened with a hymn by the choir. After the Bible selection the Boys' Glee Club sang, "The Goddess of the Inland Seas."

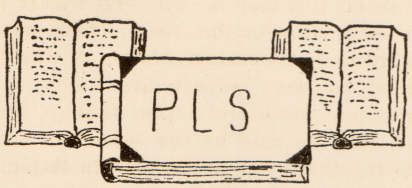
Mr. Diehl made an announcement concerning the House of Representatives. The organization is one of great help to a boy in after life.

Mr. James T. Jeffries, etinerant student lecturer, gave an address on "Efficiency," bringing out three divisions, mental, moral, and physical efficiency.

Nov. 8. After the usual opening exercises the choir sang "The Anvil Chorus," from Il Trovatore.

Mr. Arbaugh gave an interesting talk, made emphatic by statistics on the subject, "Should Students Study?" His talk answered the question in the affirmative.

A mass meeting was held in the chapel Friday, Nov. 3rd after school. Several of the football fellows gave brief speeches and yells were practiced.




### PHILOMATHEAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The Philomathean Literary society met November 2. There were only a few present. A Riley program, which was greatly enjoyed, was given. Several Riley selections were read.

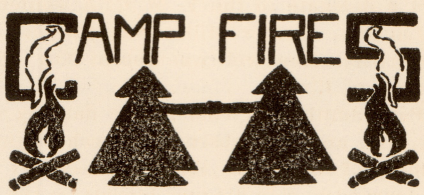
Friday night a "Little Girls' Party" was given in the lunch room. The room was decorated as a Kewpie Kid's Kindergarten and each girl dressed as youthfully as possible. Delicious refreshments consisting of animal crackers and ice were served. Every one had a most enjoyable evening.

### CHOIR

To the delight of everyone, especially the choir, there are new books in circulation. For the girls' Glee Club too, there have been new ones purchased and all are working earnestly. On Wednesday, November eighth, the choir sang a new hymn and the Anvil Chorus from Il Trovatore.

The books are "The School Song Book," by McConathy, for the chorus; Laurel Song Book, M. Theusa; Armitage, for the Glee Club.

A majority of the songs are from popular parts of the noted operas, by Verdi, Handel and Mendelssohn.




### THE HURON CAMP FIRE

The first ceremonial of the year was held in the Camp Fire room in the old building, November 3, at which there were a goodly number of honors awarded. The rank of Firemaker was given Katherine French. Miss Steere, as well as the girls, received a string of beads. Thelma Smith was received into our ranks.

A business meeting was held in room 309 November 9, at which the resignation of Helen Montgomery, the secretary, was accepted. Joyce Durfee was elected to take her place. Astronomy and basketry have been chosen as subjects of study for the winter months. Two new members, Ruth Boardman and Gladys Cairns were elected. The meeting was then adjourned.

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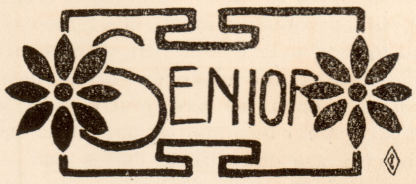
We are very much puzzled and you will relieve our anxiety if you will tell us why night falls and day breaks.




The social activities of the school were opened October 27 by the Senior class party. This was held in the High School gymnasium which was decorated in corn stalks, autumn leaves and jack-o'-lanterns. One of the features of the evening was the grand march which was led by Miss Scovill and Mr. Duncan. Punch was served between the dances and Fischer's Orchestra of Ann Arbor, furnished the music. The faculty members present were, Mr. Morris, Mr. Arbaugh, Mr. Walpole, Miss Hoffman, Miss Baird, Miss Roberts, Mr. Diehl, Mr. Ross, Miss Scovill and Mr. Duncan, principal of the Junior High.

Alleen Clark was absent from school Nov. 9th on account of illness.

A class meeting was held November 9th to elect a delegate to the Y. M. C. A. conference at Lansing. Lester Miller was chosen.

Gertrude Meanwell was absent Nov. 8th on account of illness.

Paul Smith took cold at the dancing class Nov. 8th, and was absent from school the remainder of the week. Since his recovery Paul has learned to ride his new bicycle on the curb stone in Cross street. It does not surprise us that Paul has to have a new bicycle every year after watching this feat.

The Senior class this year numbers less than any Senior class for several years previous, the number being 54.

Two rows of seats have been removed from the Senior room and taken into the two Sophomore rooms.

Among the Seniors who will attend the state Y. M. C. A. conference at Lansing this year are: P. Vernon, L. Miller, O. Cleary and Howard Seeley.

Seniors! Pay your dues!!

---

The most prominent player in the game with Cass High School, of Detroit, was a Junior. We are proud of Bernard Kirk in this game.

Genevieve Breining resigned from playing for choir because of too much work. Her place was taken by another Junior, Ruth Bowen.

Ruth Fidler went to Detroit November 2.

Helen Hurdley spent the week end of October 2 in Detroit with friends.

Ellen Smith, because of overwork, has had to give up her school work until after Thanksgiving. She has had a nervous breakdown, and has not been present at school since October 31. We look forward to the time when she will be with us again.

Susan Ambrose was absent November 13.

Another Junior has been asked to join the Huron Camp Fire. Gladys Cairns received her invitation November 10.

Ruth Fidler joined the Pottowattomi Camp Fire Monday evening, October 23, at a ceremonial held at the home of Marjorie Wilber.

Rolland Haight has returned to school after an absence of eight weeks.

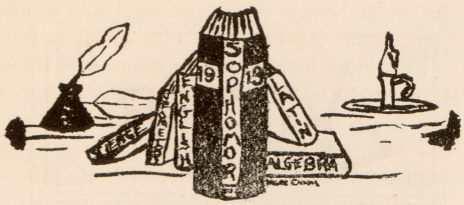
Grace Burton was absent the afternoon of November 7.

Ruth Cayne was not present Wednesday morning, November 8.

Zilpha Howard was absent November 9, and Margaret Crittenden was not here the ninth or tenth, on account of illness.

The Junior class has held two class meetings so far this month. The first was to decide upon class dues for this year. There was rather a heated discussion, before it was finally decided to have seventy-five cents a year. Please pay promptly! The dues, it was decided, may be paid by the semester, but it is preferred that, if they are paid in this manner fifty cents be paid the first semester, and twenty-five the second.

The second meeting was held to discuss sending a delegate to Lansing. The class voted to send one person, and then voted on several names. The counting was not all finished in time, but was completed later. The result was very close, but Robert Bringloe was chosen. Mr. Bringloe could not go, so Charles Truesdell, the one with the next highest number of votes, was chosen. He will leave the day after Thanksgiving, and return the following Sunday or Monday.




The Sopohomore class has held two class meetings this year, at the first the officers were elected as follows: President, Arthur Stuart; Vice-President, Zoe Vernon; Secretary-treasurer, Chauncey Whitney; Sergeant-at-arms, Ralph Lyke.

At the second meeting the matter of class pins was discussed and the dues, which are to be twenty-cents a semester, were decided. The class yellmaster, Charles Lappeaus, was elected.

Dorotha Strong spent Friday, November 3, in Detroit.

Virginia Paton spent Friday, Nov. 3, in Detroit, and went to hear Billy Sunday.

Edna Lord was absent from school Monday, Nov. 6, on account of illness.

Marion Day was quarantined for a week.

Clarence Clow was absent from school the week of Nov. 4.

On Nov. 8 the Sopohomore class held a meeting in room 221 to decide whether or not to send a delegate to the Y. M. C. A. convention at Lansing. It was decided that a delegate should be sent and Charles Lappeus was chosen. A new yellmaster was also elected because the one who had been chosen resigned his position. The new yellmaster is James Orr.

There have been seven Sohphomores out for the High School football team: R. Cooney, Hansor, Roderick, Beranek, Lappeus, Allen, and Ament.

A. Stuart is going to the Y. M. C. A. convention at Lansing as one of the two representatives of the House of Representatives.

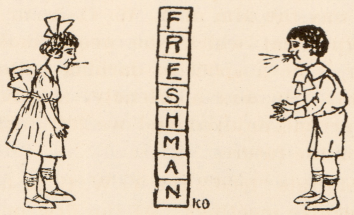
Sherwood Fidler, a new member of the Sophomore class, has found a job already as coach, trainer, and general manager of the Sixth Grade Training school football team.

James Orr instead of C. Lappeus is going to the convention at Lansing, as a representative of the class of '19.

D. Osborn, H. Harris, and D. Ament, are in the new High School Orchestra.

In spite of the fact that the attendance of the Sophomores to their recent class meetings has been exceedingly small, nevertheless we intend to turn over a new leaf with regard to our class spirit and make up for all past offenses. Although we are pretty well fixed financially, we can improve our class spirit. Our officers are doing their duties and if we receive the help of each member, we will be able in a very short time to enter into social functions and show some of the good old class spirit.

Sopohomores! Support your class! Pay your dues!!!




The first Freshman class meeting held Oct. 19 in room 221, was attended by nearly all the class. Mr. Cleary presided ,as it has been the custom for the Senior class president to organize the Freshman class. The officers elected are as follows: President, Frederic Hopkins; Vice-President, Alice Reid; Secretary, Donald Ross; Treasurer, Martha Fidler.

Brief speeches were made by the new officers and it was decided in closing to have another meeting for electing a Sergeant-at-arms.

The second meeting was held November 8 in room 215. Donald Knight was chosen Sergeant-at-arms, and Richard Ford for the Freshman delegate to the state Y. M. C. A. convention at Lansing.

Class dues are twenty-five cents a semester. Give them to Martha Fidler in room 215 as soon as possible.

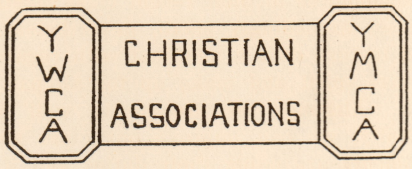
Winthrop Humphrey has been absent for some time because of illness.

Zelma Waters has left school.

Orlo Gale is the Freshman representative on the High School football team. He plays end and shows remarkable ability to fill this position.

There are seven Freshmen members in the House of Representatives and two in the Y. M. C. A. Come on fellows! Take advantage of the opportunities offered.

Freshmen—Pay your dues!




### Y. W. C. A.

The first Y. W. C. A. "feed" was held in the lunch room October 23. Miss Richardson, the student secretary, was the guest of honor. After the banquet she gave us a talk on the purposes and ideals of the organization. She said that it was the aim of Y. W. C. A. to give to every girl that which she needs most now, whether it be a spool of darning cotton or a friendship. It was a friendly, informal talk that everyone enjoyed and we left with great plans for the future.

Beside this "feed," the Y. W. C. A. has held three regular meetings. At the first one, after the Bible reading and a talk of the association plans by Miss Cooper, we spent the time acting out fairy stories and eating popcorn.

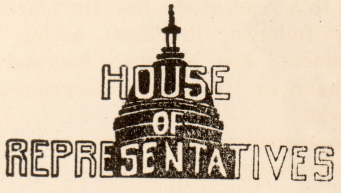
At the second meeting members were taken in by the Recognition Service. The girls who joined will not soon forget the beautiful candle lighting rite. Helen Montgomery gave a "Welcome" to the new girls and they left the meeting filled with the unselfish spirit of Y. W. C. A.

In the meeting of Nov. 9, Miss Gieske, who is now one of our advisors, told a charming story of Chundra Lela, a maid of India; how she wandered from shrine to shrine, worshipshiping heathen gods and trying to atone for some great sin she was supposed to have committed. She knew no peace until some one gave her a Bible and thru it she found her Savior, and peace, and joy, so great she could not hold it and she gladdened all she met.

---

### Y. M. C. A.

The last meeting of the "Y" was held Thursday, November 9. Twenty fellows attended. This is the largest attendance so far this year. The "Y" is growing, slowly, but surely, and promises a very successful year. At this meeting the subject "Honesty" was discussed, especially in reference to cheating in athletic games. The discussion was led by Allen Carr, and some very good ideas were advanced. After the discussion, a supply of cider and doughnuts was made away with, with great enthusiasm. These informal discussions of various subjects which have supplanted outside speakers in the "Y" meetings are proving very successful, and are greatly enjoyed by the boys, as shown by the increasing attendance. Watch the "Y" grow!




### HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

The third meeting of the House of Representatives was held Thursday evening, Nov. 2. Four active members, John Crampton, Richard Ford, Paul Cairns and Donald Ross were taken in and one honorary member, Mr. Ohlinger. A very spirited and lengthy discussion followed the regular business on the bill, Resolved—That the National Republican Ticket should be elected Nov. 7th. No vote was taken and the victory was claimed by both Democrats and Republicans. The next meeting will be held Tuesday, Nov. 28 at 7:15. All those desiring to join are urged to do so at this meeting. There will be many interesting meetings this year as the plan of extemporaneous debating is to be used a great deal. A party system is also to be carried out, the leaders of the parties being, Democratic, L. Miller; Republican, C. Truesdell; Progressive F. Matthews.

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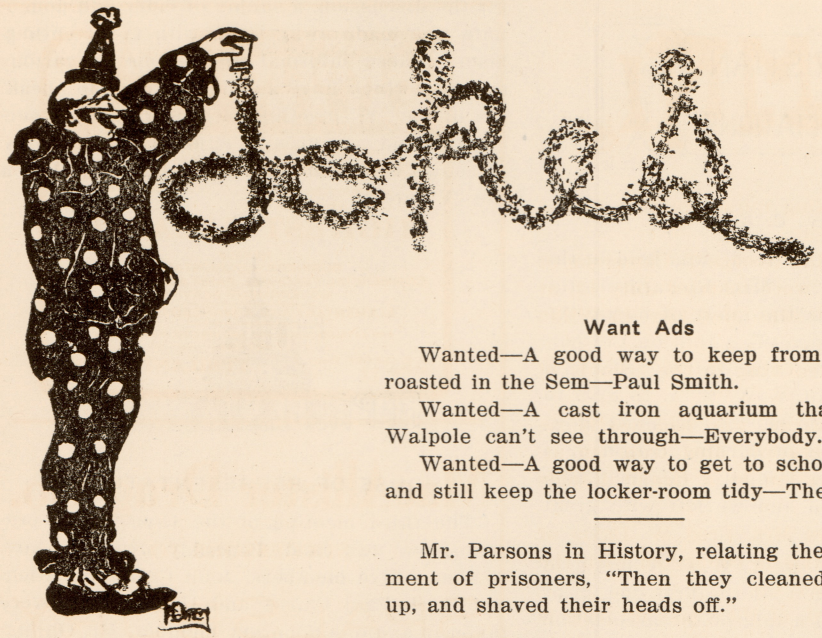
### THE POTTOWATTOMI CAMP FIRE

Monday, October thirtieth, the Pottowattomi Camp Fire Girls had a cerimonial meeting at the home of Marjorie Wilber. Helen Beranek and Ruth Fidler professed their desire to become Camp Fire Girls and follow the Law of the Fire. When they had awarded honors and sung a few Camp Fire songs, the girls departed to their respective homes.

On Wednesday, November eighth a short meeting was held to plan an early morning hike. After arranging this and discussing financial matters, the adjourned.



### Want Ads

Wanted—A good way to keep from being roasted in the Sem—Paul Smith.

Wanted—A cast iron aquarium that Mr. Walpole can't see through—Everybody.

Wanted—A good way to get to school late and still keep the locker-room tidy—The Girls.

---

Mr. Parsons in History, relating the treatment of prisoners, "Then they cleaned them up, and shaved their heads off."

M. Case—"How much did you pay for that shine?"

P. Vernon—"One dime."

M. Case—"It that all? Why, that boatblack would paint a barn for a quarter then, wouldn't he?"

---

Mr. Walpole—(In general Science, pointing to a piece of wire)—"Mr. Wales, what makes the molecules in that wire cling together?"

Mr. Wales—"The attraction they have for one another."

Mr. Walpole—"Exactly like the attraction some of the Junior and Senior boys and girls have for one aonther. They must be Mollycules."

---

A. Carr—(To P. Vernon with black eye)—"How'd you get that eye?"

P. Vernon—"Mr. Morris said we boys were time clocks and some of the guys punched the clock."

---

Miss Laird was showing some of the views which were to be used for the French Lecture. She asked if any one wanted a ticket.

One Freshman boy dug up a little dime.

Miss Laird handed him his cardboard strip.

"When do I get those views?" he asked.

Johnny was seeing his first opera. As the conductor waved his baton, he whispered, "Mama, what's that man hitting at that woman with a stick for?"

"Hush," his mother replied. He isn't hitting at her with a stick?" The soprano reached high C and remained.

"Well," exploded Johnny finally, "for Heaven's sake, what's she hollering for then?"

---

The Sunday school teacher had carefully taught the text "Mene, Mene, tekel, upharsim," but it was too long for Mary to remember. So upon reaching home she informed her astonished mother, "There was the funniest text, Mama, I'm sure you'd never guess. It was Minnie, Minnie, tickle the parson.

---

Here's another one like that.

Papa was taking his little boy to Sunday school. On the way he taught him the text, which was, "Whatever man soweth, that shall he also reap." As they reached the door the church they called a final rehearsal, and this is the version the little boy gave:

"Whatsoever man seweth, that shall always rip."

# ALUMNI

Susie Dean is taking nurse training at the University of Michigan.

Helen Lamphere and George T. Camerson of Evanston, Wyoming, were married July 12, at the home of her aunt, Mrs. Mae Lay, 15 Willis Ave., Detroit.

Vera Mowrer is teaching in the schools of Hamtramak.

Miss Marcella Warren, who had nearly recovered from an operation, died from an attack of acute indigestion in a Grand Rapids hospital.

Carrie E. Laflin is Mrs. Fred W. Davis of Akron, Ohio. Mr. Davis is connected with the Goodyear Tire Rubber Co.

Linnwood Hubbard, of the Class of 1909, is Mrs. Christie A. Stearns, of Jackson, Mich. Mr. Stearns is an attorney.

Flora Williams is teaching in the public schools of Rochester, Mich.

Grace Corazzi is Mrs. Richard Keeler of Geneva, New York.

Leone DePew is teaching in Hartford, Mich., and Beryl Snedicor in the Royal Oak public schools.

Marian Ainsworth, '15, of Claremont, New Hampshire, is studying nursing in one of the hospitals in Ann Arbor.

Florence Matthews teaches mathematics in the Rochester high school.

Milis Wilbur is principal of the Centerville schools.

Interesting letters are received occasionally by the secretary of the Alumni Association from absent members. Gerald Gale, of the Class of 1915, writes from Bonner's Ferry, Idaho:

"In the plant where I am working, there are two 150-horse power dynamos; one for pumping and one for lighting purposes. We also pump for two tanks on the Great Northwestern Railroad.

"The plant is located at the foot of Myrtle Creek Mountain, and power is furnished by this stream. The falls are 200 feet in height, and the creek is a splendid fishing place. Mirror Lake, two by three miles in size, is about 80 rods from my uncle's house. He has a

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motorboat and the way it will go puts a 'Saxon Six' to shame. Ha! Ha!

"We are on the west side of Kootenai Valley which is on the western slope of the Rockies. It is a beautiful sight to go up on a mountain and with field glasses look over the valley.

Fifteen miles away, Troy, a small village, can be seen, and the Kootenai River runs down thru the center of the valley like a green ribbon. There are ranches along its banks. We can see the Indian mission with its church and schoolhouse—and one day when we were looking we could see the Indians hurrying to church and we heard the church bell ring. This church is of the Catholic denomination. The Indians have neither pews nor chairs but sit on the floor Japanese fashion.

"Ten miles farther down there is another town, Newport ,and the valley winds among the hills out of sight."

Gerald Gale hopes to enter the University of Michigan next year.

---

Detroit Western cancelled the game to be played here on November 18 because of the epidemic of smallpox.

This ends the 1916 season with only seven games played. Ypsi winning four, losing two and tieing one, a fairly good season.

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Sept. 30 Birmingham 0, Ypsi 27.
Oct. 6 Plymouth 19, Ypsi 51.
Oct. 14 Central Reserves 7, Ypsi 33.
Oct. 21 Eastern 19, Ypsi 3.
Oct. 28 Cass 6, Ypsi 14.
Nov. 4, Pontiac 22; Ypsi, 0.
Nov. 11, Port Huron, 7; Ypsi, 7.
Totals— Opponents, 80; Ypsi, 135.

---

A lady was out walking, and rolled down an embankment. She lay for some time before aid came.

At last an Irishman came along.

"At last some succor has come," she cried.

"Oh, so I'm a sucker, am I," he exclaimed indignantly. "Well, begorra, ye'll lay where ye air, thin."

---

"Bill" Schneider—"This horse knows as much as I do."

Forsythe—"Don't tell anybody, you might want to sell him some time."

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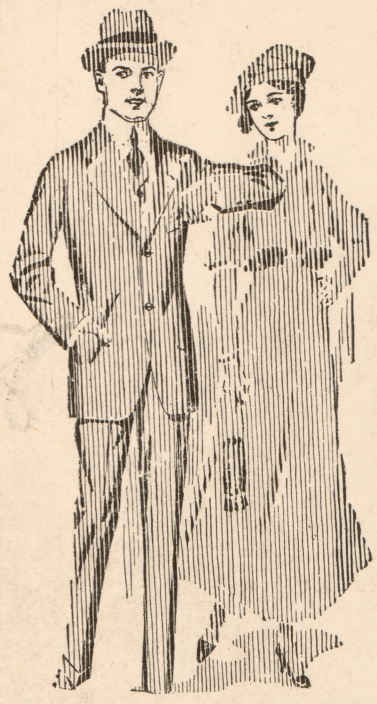

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